

# Cradle and All

Ani DiFranco

Fourteenth street and the garbage swirls like a cyclone  
Three-o'clock in the afternoon  
And I am going home  
F-train is full of high school students  
So much shouting, so much laughter  
Last night's underwear  
In my back pocket  
Sure sign of the morning after

Take me home  
Take me home and leave me there  
Think I'm going to cry, don't know why  
Think I'm going to sing myself a lullaby  
Feel free to listen  
Feel free to stare

I live in New York, New York  
City that never shuts up  
In the daylight everything is so gory  
You can hear snatches of stranger's sorry stories  
And I moved there from buffalo  
But that's nothing  
The trico plant moved to Mexico  
Left my uncle standing out in the cold  
Said there's your last paycheck  
Have fun growing old

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Think I'm going to sing myself a lullaby  
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Rockabye baby  
In the treetop  
When the wind blows  
The cradle will rock  
When the bough breaks  
The cradle will fall  
Down will come baby  
Cradle and all

Youth is beauty  
Money is beauty  
Hell, beauty is beauty sometimes  
It's the luck of the draw  
It's the natural law  
It's a joke, it's a crime  
I was bored  
You were bored  
It was a meeting of the minds  
Now it's three in the afternoon  
And I can't leave too soon  
Saying, thank you I had a nice time

Take me home

Take me home and leave me there  
Think I'm going to cry, don't know why  
Think I'm going to sing myself a lullaby  
Feel free to listen  
Feel free to stare

Maybe I'll live my whole life  
Just getting by  
Maybe I'll be discovered  
Maybe I'll be colonized  
You can try to train me like a pet  
You can try to teach me to behave  
But I'll tell you, if I haven't learned it yet  
You know,  
I ain't gonna sit  
I ain't gonna stay

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